

"I want to be a hero."
Remarks the husky pug;
"I want to be a star in a film."
And thrill the movie bug."

SWINGS HAMMER WHEN WESLEYAN GETS MENTION

But Why Pick on Us—We
Did Not Make the Re-
mark—Calm Down.

That little Mr. George Washington or whoever it is that writes sports for the Morgantown Post must have been born with a hammer in his tiny fist instead of the well known silver spoon in his mug. He sure does swing a nasty nail driver. In last night's edition he hops all over us for saying that all ready there is a lot of talk about the West Virginia-Wesleyan game which is slated for this city early in the football season. If Harry Stansbury can get the athletic board to see the way Harry sees them, and the way they should be seen. The sporting editor also drives us another nail because we mentioned the fact that game be played on Turkey Day next year. The real joy of the situation comes however in the fact that The West Virginian never did make any such statement, the remark having as its sponsor the sporting editor or writer on a Pittsburgh newspaper. The sport writer down there was discussing the coming of Higgins to Buckhannon, as we recall, and incidentally said a few things about the Varsity-Wesleyan game that made the fellow down in Morgantown go into six different kinds of high jinks.

If he will read the story over again he will find that we stated at the outset "Here's what one scribe says." We presumed that a fellow in this country still had the right to an opinion and to express it, and that we had a right to quote him. We did not even make any comment of our own on the other fellow's viewpoint.

The trouble with the bird in Morgantown must be that he starts at the bottom of a story and reads up and stops as soon as he strikes something he does particularly favor. That's why he put the credit line in the wrong.

Wipe off your "specs" brother—wipe 'em off. Also urge the ratification of Harry's program.

Three and Two

With the opening of the season less than ten days away and Long George Kelly's once robust batting average shrinking to almost nothing, there is a feeling of great uneasiness among critics who have looked to him to seek all sorts of pitching with the same ferocious vigor that has always marked his stickwork in the bushes. They fear that he has "blown" again and find a more or less convincing argument to this effect in the fact that in the last seven games against the Sox, games in which his mates have compiled some really notable batting records, the altitudinous Californian had delivered only two safe blows—one off Sam Jones and one off Harry Holbrook. Truth compels the admission that Kelly has not looked good at bat since the Boston pitchers began to round into condition. At the start of the series, when Barrow's slabs were "blowing" the ball up to the plate, Kelly was a hitting fool. He made six hits in the first ten times at bat, and every one was a solid line smash to some unguarded section of the outfield. Then the Sox hurlers began throwing curves and putting a jump on the fast ones, and since that time the Giant first baseman has been something of a bust as a mauler.

Some of the lads are inclined to believe that Kelly has finally found his groove and is hitting just about as well right now as he will later on. We prefer to give him the benefit of every doubt and to regard his present slump as a temporary depression from which he will eventually recover. We do not expect him to hit within 50 per cent of his International League records, nor do we believe he ever will be a steady, consistent, day-in-and-day-out producer. But we are convinced that the fellow can hit when the spirit is in him and that the spirit will be in evidence most of the time.

The curve ball pitchers on Ed Barrow's staff are fooling him now, but this is no guarantee that they will continue to do so. When the hitting mood is on him he is just as likely to hit a curve as he is to drive a fast one into the adjoining county. During the last week or so he has purposely played a "waiting" game at the plate, and many first and second strikes have been called against him on curves that any schoolboy could have hit. Now and then a third strike of the same general description has been called against him, and on such occasions the ribald populace has given him the royal buzzer thrice repeated.

Yet at Knoxville last Saturday he leaned against one with all the force that was in him and sent it steaming into right field with the force of a rifle projectile. Hack Eble happened to be camping in its path and a double play resulted, but ordinarily that wallop would have been good for at least two bases. Many another lucky drive has shared a similar fate since they're going safe for Long George and a goodly proportion of them were made off curve ball pitching. Sooner or later they are bound to go safe and Kelly's name will find its way back into the headlines.

One great factor in Kelly's favor is the fact that his slump has not affected his morale. Last summer's

Morgantown Editor Gets Worried Rather Easily

"I want to be an actor."
Repeats this flimsy hope;
"And write those glowing tributes
For perfume, rouge and soap."

GREENEST ROOKIE DOES STICK TRICK



The story of how the most hopeless baseball recruit reported to the Louisville Colonels—bashful like a girl, modest like a violet, shy like a hummingbird and green like the first spring blades—and how he became the camp idol, reads like fiction. This youngster is Bill Tatum, late of the Kentucky hills. He is shown in the picture doing his stick trick. The boy stands the vets on their heads trying to do the stunt, but that isn't all—he stands them on their heads striking at his wonderful speed and control as an underhand cross-fire exponent. Cap Neal thinks he'll outshine Carl Mays of the Yankees, the only other successful cross-fire twirler.

MOBILE, Ala., April 7.—The Louisville Colonels brought to this camp one of the rawest rookies who ever picked up a ball.

Veterans usually like to kid the recruits in training camps. They didn't think one. He was too painfully timid, ill at ease—distressingly green.

Cap Neal read about a pitcher at Paint Lick, Ky., who maintained an average of 17 strikeouts per game last summer. That's all he knew. He mailed the premium a contract. If he had looked him over before the kid would have been the last ballplayer in the United States to have been served with a summons.

He is William Cullen Tatum. The fellows called him Bill right off the

reel. The boy pushed like a country girl and asked them "Would you please call me William Cullen."

He reached Louisville two days ahead of the time set. His father and the first-baseman of the Paint Lick team came along to keep him company. They got lost so often riding street cars the wrong direction the boy came near being late to report.

On the ball field no human ever looked more lost than Tatum. He was shy about stepping on the rubber and the canvas bags. He'd been used to rocks at Paint Lick.

But—and here's the story.

He threw like a girl. Cap Neal noticed he had a funny little twist of the wrist. They taught him to wind up. He showed so much uncontrollable speed the veterans were afraid to face him.

"Is it wrong to pitch underhand," he asked shyly.

They told him no. Then he cut loose his own way—the way he had pitched back in Paint Lick and struck out his average 17 batters per game. His control was perfect then.

Neal loaned him to Manager Bob Coleman of Mobile, to pitch against the Colonels. Tatum wouldn't work for Coleman without first being introduced.

He pitched three innings as steady as a clock and stood the batters on their heads.

Now he is the idol of the Louisville camp. He's a natural underhand cross-fire pitcher.

Cap Neal declares that there are two good underhand pitchers in baseball—Carl Mays and Bill Tatum. Says Neal: "I believe that the youngster's underhand cross-fire ball is next to unhittable. I've seen thousands of pitchers but Tatum absolutely is in a class by himself. I shudder to think how near I came to sending him back to the farm without looking him over. His case should be a warning to managers never to pass judgment too quickly. In Tatum we have picked up a jewel of the rarest value."

NEW PROBLEMS DEVELOPED IN TRACK OUTFIT

Long Distance Men Now
Needed for the Varsity
Track Team.

MORGANTOWN, April 7.—When Coach Nat J. Cartmell first looked over the West Virginia University track squad he foresaw weakness in the weight events. A canvass was made for more men for these events with the result that now Gaines, Crowe, Lantz and Harker are all showing real form in the various weight events and the addition of Hugh Lantz and several other capable looking men to the squad has perceptibly brightened the outlook in this department.

Just as this problem seems to be solved another one which was more difficult to detect looms up, and that is the real scarcity of long distance men, particularly two milers, and of men with ability for the 120 yards high hurdles. Out of approximately eighty men out for the various events, only two are avowed two mile runners, and a like number have announced themselves as candidates for the high hurdles. There should be at least a dozen men for each of these difficult events, and a campaign is now being launched in the student body to try to turn out more men. At an organization meeting held in January a half dozen or more men signed up as two mile candidates but only two of these have reported for the outdoor work.

The quarter mile seems to be the most popular of all the events, there being seventeen candidates for this distance with almost the same number for the 100 and 220. The Mountaineers certainly should be strong in the dashes and middle distances with such stars as Rowley, Kay, Morgan, Hill, Rankin, Harman, Easterday, Watkins, Hawkins, Myers and a half score of others from which to choose.

Big Ball Game Is Called Off

The big league game between Detroit and Boston scheduled for Clarksville this afternoon was called off shortly after noon on account of the chilly weather conditions and the fact that the grounds were in poor condition. However the fans of this section will have a chance to see the teams in action tomorrow, if the weatherman will permit. The two teams were to play in Elkins tomorrow but called off the game there and will battle at Woodward park tomorrow afternoon at 3:30 according to the announcement from Clarksville.

SPEEDWAY DRAWS
Advance sales for seat reservations of the annual 500-mile race at the Indianapolis Speedway this summer are four times greater than last year, according to T. E. Myers, Speedway general manager. The largest attendance of 100,000 in 1914 may be passed.

BOOST RIVAL MANAGER.
"Buzz" Wetzel, who made such a roaring financial success of the Saginaw club in the Michigan-Ontario League last year, will manage the London team this year. Saginaw fans still boost him, although he is to be their rival. Starting with \$500 in the bank Wetzel stored away \$5000 for Saginaw besides winning the pennant.

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Some Local Sport Chatter

According to reports from various sections Ty Cobb is getting in bad with the fans on the small time exhibition circuit by playing an old trick, which is as much the fault of the leaders of the Detroit team and their press agent as the Georgia Peach. He is advertised to appear in many of the exhibition games put on by the Tigers and then fails to take part in them. Cobb is a big drawing card and on the exhibition route people come from miles and miles around where the game is to be staged, pay their good money to see Cobb in action and then fail to see him. It is little wonder that they go away with a feeling that some person has put one over on them. But the small towns are not the only ones to get stung once in awhile. A few years ago the Detroit Tigers played an exhibition game in Pittsburgh with the Tigers and the press agent for the game wrote yards and yards of dope about Ty Cobb and the fact that he would be seen in action in this particular game. The Pirates were not having a particularly good year and crowds had been rather slim at the regular games. With Ty Cobb for the drawing card there was a large turnout for the exhibition game. Did Cobb play? He did not. And Pittsburgh fandom went home to supper with a very sore feeling that they had been given a raw deal. Such is life when a big league star wants to make it so.

At the high school football-basketball banquet tonight should the toastmaster call upon Pierre Hill for a speech he will likely declare that he is too full for oratory.

Another bad day for baseball practice. Hope this weather does not hold out much longer or the diamond stars will lose and the effects of the good sessions during the last two weeks.

One of the foremost stars on the

experience convinced him that he can hit major league pitching and he is calmly and patiently biding his time till he gets properly started again. There was a time when a slump, even a short one, seemed to send him into a flurry of duck fits or something, but he appears to have outgrown that fatal tendency. He is still standing, up to the plate in his accustomed style, is still taking a fine free cut at the ball, and when he does meet it puts a lot of snap and drive behind it.

Mike Donlin says there's too much handshaking in baseball. Mike did some mean shaking in his day, but his hand always held a bludgeon.

Philadelphia's wealthy slacker has been set to work sorting clothes in the prison laundry. That's sending 'em to the cleaners.

Bill Bryan says: "Don't put my name in the paper and be sure to spell it B-R-Y-A-N."

Peanut bags half full of air. Fresh green paint on every chair. Same old popcorn, same old pop,

West Virginia Wesleyan basketball five for the present year was Mahre Stark former Charleston High School lad, and an all-around brilliant athlete of the Methodists.

Stark scored 194 points in the 21 games in which he participated. He had 43 goals from the field and 108 fouls out of 164 tries, or a percentage of 66 per cent on his free throws. He played a powerful floor game in addition to his heavy scoring and it was due to his great guarding that the Methodists were able to hold down their opponents so ably. The record of the Wesleyan five is by far the best record of any collegiate set in the state this season.

Stark's most fascinating work came on Wesleyan's second long trip which extended through Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Stark won the Muskingum game for Wesleyan with six beautiful lops from the middle of the court. With the score standing 41-40 in favor of Muskingum Stark netted a very long phenomenal basket which won the game 42-41 for Wesleyan.

Proof of his powerful playing in the Grove City-Wesleyan game is found in a review of the game in the Mercer county (Pa.) Herald, a Grove City daily. The story reads:

"As to the battle itself, the playing of Stark and Johnson for the visitors is worthy of commendation for the plucky manner in which they fought. Stark, playing a guard position for the visitors, was fast. He plays a rough guarding game, but makes it sure. He is omnipresent on the floor and is a good shot. He caged three in the game and they were long shots. He threw them with an ease that showed he was used to making his tosses from a distance. There is not much doubt that with Stark the Methodists, in a State championship contest in West Virginia, would clean up on Bethany and West Virginia, the two other large schools of the state."

Same old fungo-chasing cop; Same old cigars, same old rope; Same old chatter, same old dope; Same old hot dog, same old ham; Same old score card, same old jam; Same old bleachers, same old noise; Same old knothole-hunting boys; Same old umpire, blind and lame; But gosh, ain't it a grand old game!

Why is it the club owners wait till the last minute to paint the seats so the fans get their Easter clothes all spotted with green on opening day?

Some women can hardly wait for warm weather to arrive so they can get their furs out of storage.

Just when the butcher ran out of alibis, the Chicago stockyard workers strike and furnish them a new excuse for high prices.

One thing about this new arrangement—Fairbanks has an advantage over most husbands. If Mary won't let him carry a latchkey and he stays out late some night, he can get into the house by climbing up the wall, as he often does in the movies.

FIRST WORKOUTS FOR METHODISTS

Likely That a Good Baseball
Team Will be Turned
Out at Buckhannon.

BUCKHANNON, April 7.—With "Biggy" Reeder on the ground and college re-convened after the Easter recess the first real baseball practice of the season will be held this evening. In case the weather does not permit of outdoor practice, Reeder will usher his men through the initial workout in the large gymnasium where training was done exclusively for the southern trips in former years.

Reeder has a large following in this state and the Methodists will be behind him en masse for a good season. Reeder produced as a student leader and it is naturally easier to succeed as a leader when not acting in the capacity of a student.

Prospects are bright at Wesleyan for a winning team. Captain Beecher Dunn has predicted that the material is as good this season as it was in 1917 when Wesleyan was undefeated for the year. Dunn is Wesleyan's star third baseman and has had fine experience with the New Brighton, Pa., nine and the amateurs about Charleston, West Virginia.

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